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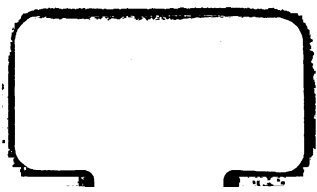
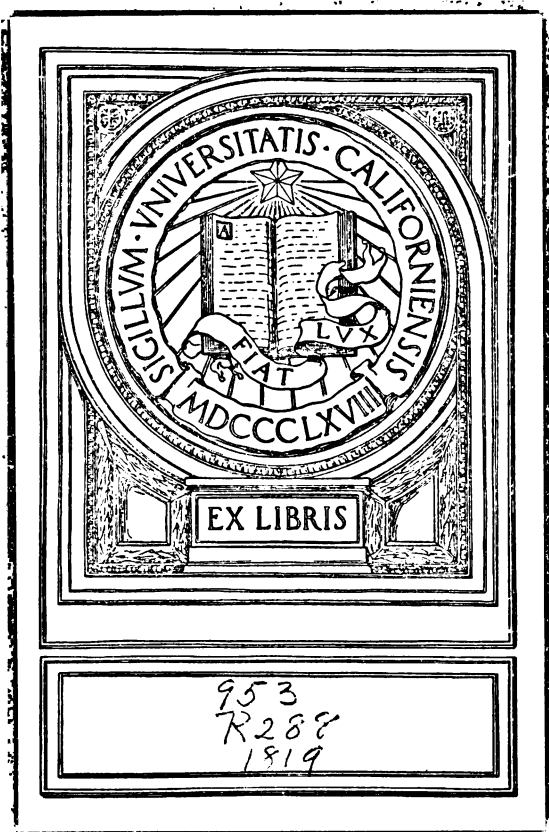
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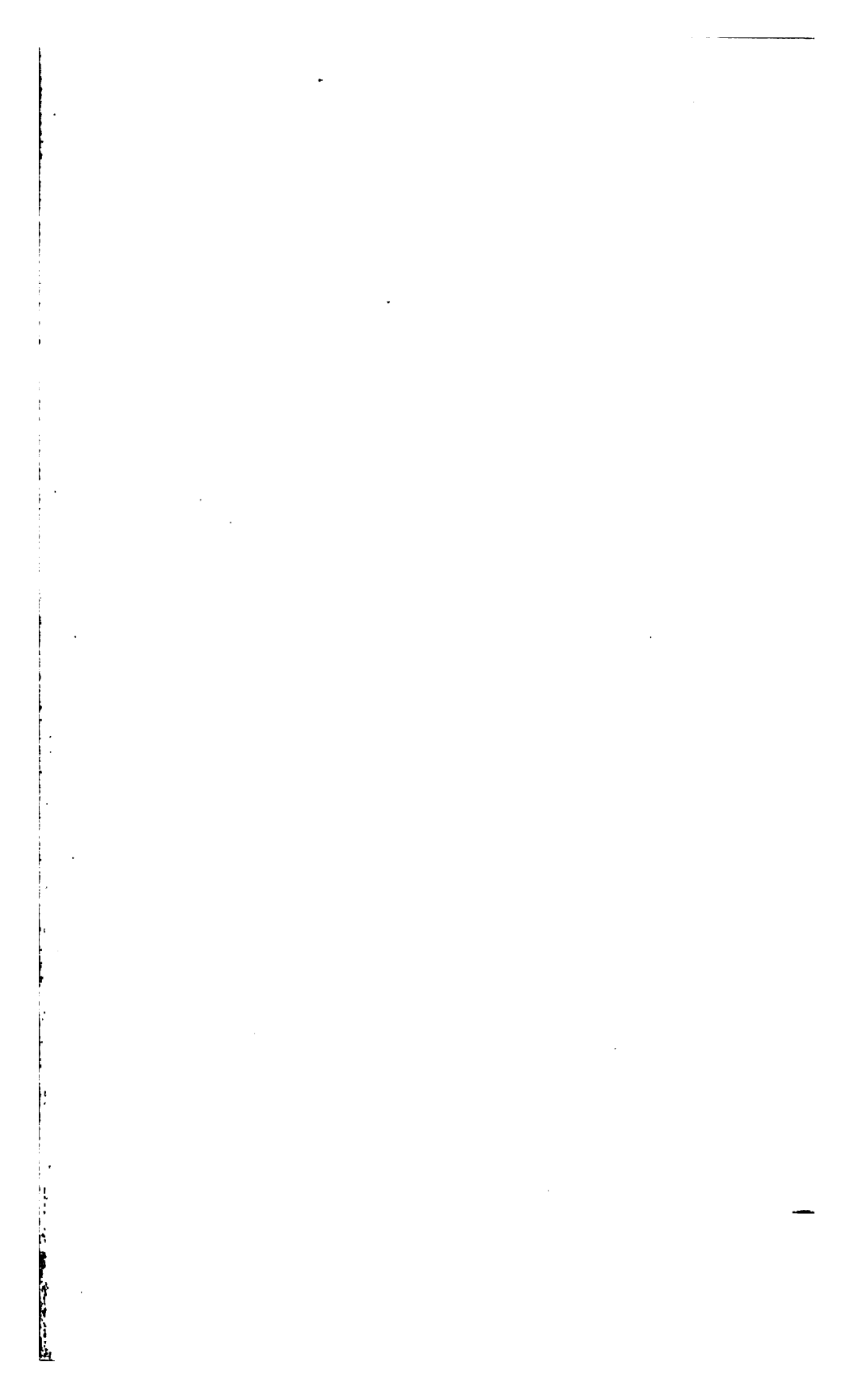
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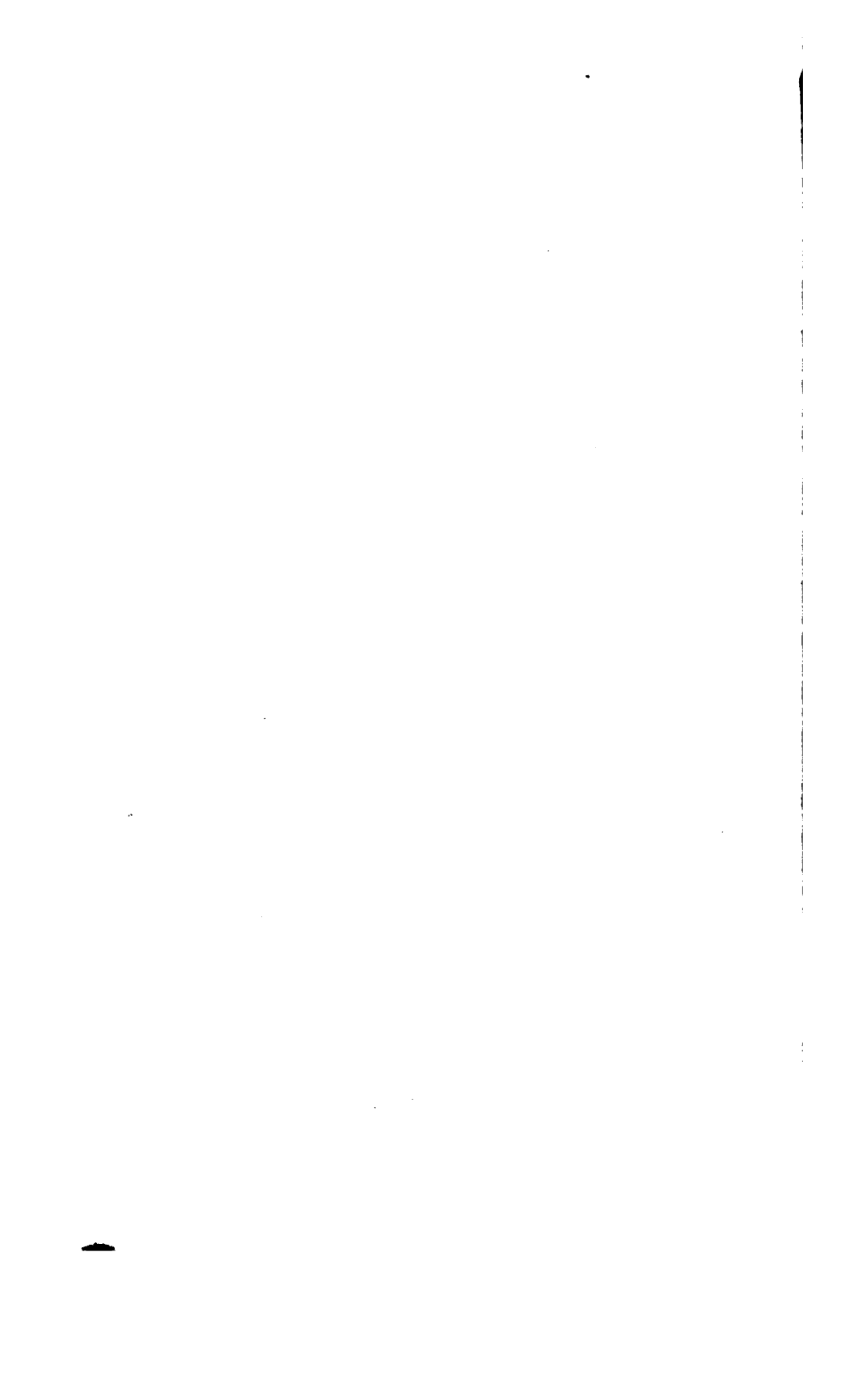
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NOT TAIN

THE REAL
OR
CONSTITUTIONAL HOUSE
THAT
JACK BUILT.

"Look on this Picture, and on that."

WITH TWELVE CUTS.



FIFTH EDITION.

London:
PRINTED FOR J. ASPERNE, CORNHILL;
AND
W. SAMS, ST. JAMES'S STREET.
1819.
Price One Shilling.

" O England !—model to thy inward greatness
Like little body with a mighty heart,—
What might'st thee do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural !"

NOTE.

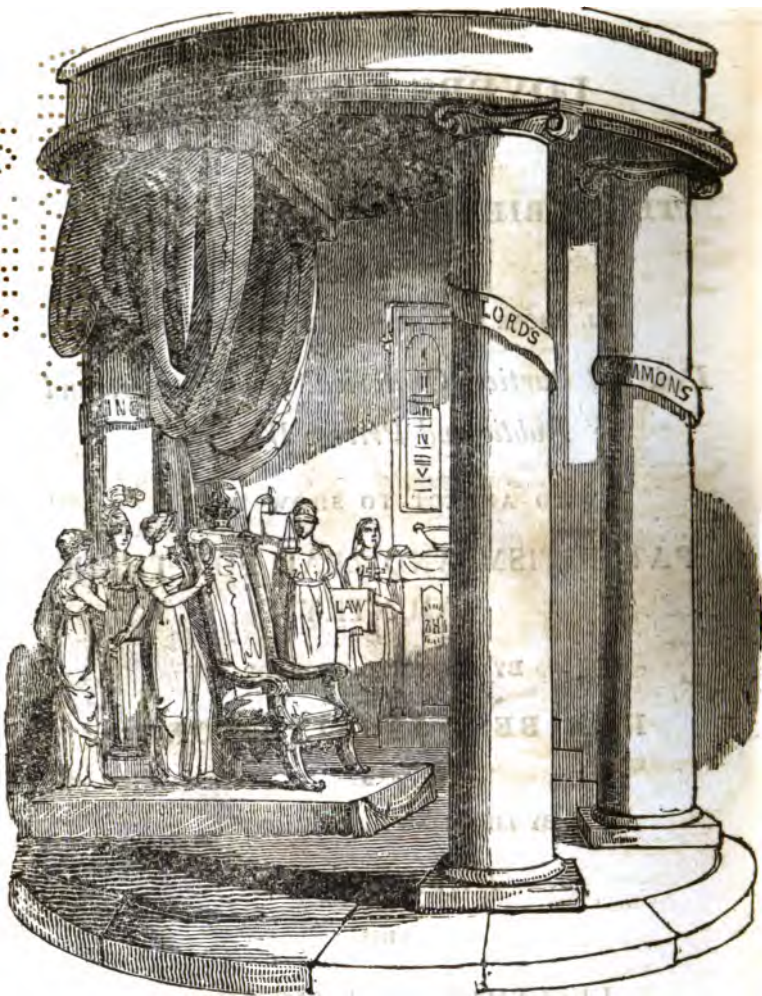
The Mottos are chiefly selected from Shakespeare, Cowper, and Dr. Young.

TO VIRTU
ALIBOILLAS

TO THE
LOVERS OF PEACE,
AND THE
TRUE FRIENDS OF OLD ENGLAND,
TO
ALL THOSE WHO REFUSE TO COUNTENANCE
Political Parties, Oratorical Demagogues, and
Public and Private Writers,
WHO AFFECT TO SHOW THEIR
PATRIOTISM AND ZEAL FOR THEIR
COUNTRY,
BY AIMING TO DEGRADE
HER BEST INSTITUTIONS;
AND
BY LIBELLING HER IMMORTAL
DEFENDERS,
THIS
EFFUSION OF A MOMENT,
IS MOST
RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED, BY THEIR FELLOW-LABOURER IN
THE GOOD CAUSE OF
SOCIAL ORDER,
THE AUTHOR.

London, December 13th, 1819.

M84835



“ England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
 _____ and, while yet a nook is left,
 Where English minds and manners may be found,
 Shall be constrain'd to love thee _____ ”

THIS IS

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.



"Incomparable gem! thy worth untold;
 Cheap, tho' blood-bought, and thrown away when sold;
 May no foes ravish thee, and no false friend
 Betray thee, while professing to defend!
 Prize it, ye ministers; ye monarchs spare;
 Ye patriots guard it with a miser's care."

THESE ARE
THE TREASURES
 that lay
 In the HOUSE that Jack built.



"I the commonwealth I would by contraries
 Execute all things: for no kind of traffick
 Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
 Letters should not be known; no use of service,
 Of riches or of poverty; no contracts,
 Successions; bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:
 No use of metal; eorn, or wine, or oil;
 No occupation; all men idle, all;
 And women too; but innocent and pure;
 No sovereignty:—
 All things in common nature should produce
 Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony."

"The Thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear
 So strongly, that they dare not meet each other."

THESE ARE

THE THIEVES

Who would plunder the TREASURES
 That lay in the HOUSE
 That Jack built.



"Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
 (The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd)
 Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,
 Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile;
 Where sits quiescent on the floods that show
 Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
 While airs impregnated with incense play
 Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
 So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore,
 Where tempests never beat nor billows roar."

THIS IS

"THE PILOT

that weather'd the Storm,"
 And devised the means of subduing
 THE THIEVES,
 Who would plunder the TREASURES
 That lay in the HOUSE that Jack built.



"Such men are rais'd to station and command,
When Providence means mercy to a land.
He speaks, and they appear; to Him they owe
Skill to direct, and strength to strike the blow;
To manage with address, to seize with pow'r
The crisis of a dark decisive hour."

THESE ARE THE PATRIOTS

of high renown—

The Heroes of Britain—the Gems of her Crown;
Who, despising all Danger, and scorning all Fear,
When all was at stake, that their Country held dear,
'Midst Jacobin Rebels, and Friends of Reform,

Supported "THE PILOT

that weather'd the Storm,"

Who devised the means, of subduing

THE THIEVES,

Who would plunder the TREASURES

That lay in the HOUSE that Jack built.



"Go to, they are not men o'their words."

"Having wielded the elements, and built
A thousand systems—each in his own way,
They should go out in fume, and be forgot."

"Like quicksilver, the rhetoric they display
Shines as it runs, but grasp'd, it slips away."

"Patriots are grown too shaw'd to be sincere,
And we too wise to trust them —"

THESE ARE

THE HYPOCRITES,

shaven and shorn—

The broad-bottom'd Whigs, now all forlorn;

Who grumbl'd and growl'd, from night till morn,
And pointed "the slow-moving finger of scorn,"
At the Country in which they were all "bred and
born,"

Had grown saucy and fat, on its wine and its corn;
Who blew a loud blast, on the place-hunter's horn,
And with Joe Millar's Jests, did their Speeches adorn;
Who predicted the final success of our foes,
Then sigh'd if they sunk, and rejoic'd if they rose;
Who swore, when the French were defeated, that we
Were kill'd by the sword, or were drown'd in the
Sea;

Who rail'd against Placemen, till *they* were in Place,
Then sneer'd at their Monarch—nay, laugh'd in his
face;

Who bragg'd of their Talents, and pass'd a few Acts;
And increas'd, *5 per Cent.* the vile Property Tax;
Who thought themselves safe in their snug little
birth,

And gave themselves up to Carousing and Mirth;
Who slept every night, upon Pillows of Down,
Abhorring those PATRIOTS, of
high renown—

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—— “Poverty with moost, who whimper forth
Their long complaints, is self-inflicted woe;
The effects of laziness or sottish waste.”

THE MAJOR.

“O, Sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her course: you should be rul’d and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself ———”

ORATOR HUNT.

“There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny;
the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to
drink small beer; all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall
my palfry go to grass. And, when I am king, there shall be no money; all
shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery,
that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.”

“The first thing we do, let’s kill all the lawyers.”

CARLILE.

“And is there, who the blessed Cross wipes off,
As a foul blot from his dishonour’d brow,
If Angela tremble, ’tis at such a sight.”

THESE ARE
THE RADICALS—
Friends of Reform,

Devising new Plots for exciting a Storm :

A mistaken old MAJOR sits hatching Sedition,
Yet dreams all the while of a lawful Petition ;
And whilst Orator HUNT indites the Inscription,
He pockets the Pence of the Penny Subscription ;
Yet vows he's the best, and most honest of men,
Swears lies to the LAWYER, who swears them
again.

And here is the DOCTOR of Spa-Fields fame,
Who vow'd he would set all the Town in a flame,
With a Stocking well-stuff'd full of Powder and Ball,
A Speech of two hours, and a Pistol withal.
Here's PRESTON, the Cobbler, just come from
his trial,

To Gin and Sedition outrageously loyal ;
Like most of his breth'ren, who, spite of their votes,
Preserve their allegiance to Thompson and Coates ;
And would sooner expel from their Clubs and their
Lodges,

The Chairman himself, than Friends—Henley and
Hodges,

Here's THISTLEWOOD, too, who tells " Tales
out of School,"

That Orator HUNT is a Knave and a Fool.

A Staffordshire BARONET, wrapp'd in a scarf,
Sits nursing an ugly, mis-shapen,

BLACK DWARF.

And here is CARLILE, with his Two-penny
Treason,

Who prefers to his Bible the vile " Age of Reason ;"
Who " wipes off the Cross," as an infamous stain,
Despises his Saviour, but worships Tom Paine.
These are all ragged RADICALS, tatter'd and torn,
Who better, by far, had never been born,
On account of their Treasons, too great to be borne,

First hatch'd by the **HYPOCRITES**,

shaven and shorn—

The broad-bottom'd Whigs, now all forlorn ;
Who grumbl'd and growl'd, from night till morn,
And pointed the "slow-moving finger of scorn,"
At the Country in which they were all "bred and
born,"

Had grown saucy and fat, on its wine and its corn ;
Who blew a loud blast, on the place-hunter's horn,
And with Joe Millar's Jests, did their Speeches
adorn ;

Who predicted the final success of our foes,
Then sigh'd if they sunk, and rejoic'd if they rose,
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Were kill'd by the sword, or were drown'd in the
Sea ;

Who rail'd against Placemen, till *they* were in Place,
Then sneer'd at their Monarch—nay, laugh'd in his
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Who bragg'd of their Talents, and pass'd a few Acts,
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Who, despising all Danger, and scorning all Fear,
When all was at stake, that their Country held dear,
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Supported "**THE PILOT**

— that weather'd the Storm,"

Who devised the means of subduing

THE THIEVES,

Who would plunder the **TREASURES**
That lay in the **HOUSE** that Jack built.



" This is some fellow,
 Who, having been prais'd for his bluntness, doth affect
 A saucy roughness — — — — —
 These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
 Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends;
 Than twenty silly ducking observants,
 That stretch their duties nicely."

" As one, who lay in thickets and in brakes
 Entangl'd, winds now this way and now that
 His devious course uncertain, seeking home."

THIS IS
WILL COBBETT,
 with Thomas Paine's bones,

A bag full of brick-bats, and
 one full of stones,
With which he intends to discharge
 the long Debt
He owes to his Friends, and
 Sir Francis Burdett :
'Tis Cobbett, the changeling,
 the worthless and base,
Just arriv'd from New York, with
 his impudent face,
Who comes to dispel our
 political fogs,
And to add one more beast to
 our Hampshire Hogs,
To mix with the **RADICALS**—
 FRIENDS OF REFORM,
Devising new Plots, for
 exciting a Storm :

A mistaken old Major sits hatching Sedition,
Yet dreams all the while of a lawful Petition ;
And whilst Orator Hunt indites the Inscription,
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Swears lies to the Lawyer, who swears them again.
And here is the Doctor, of Spa-Fields fame,
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With a Stocking well-stuff'd full of Powder and Ball,
A Speech of two hours, and a Pistol withal.
Here's Preston, the Cobbler, just come from his trial,
To Gin and Sedition outrageously loyal ;
Like most of his breth'ren, who, spite of their
 votes,
Preserve their allegiance to Thompson and Coates ;

And would sooner expel from their Clubs and their
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Here's Thistlewood, too, who tells; "Tales out of
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That Orator Hunt is,

a Knave and a Fool.

A Staffordshire Baronet,

wrapp'd in a scarf,

Sits nursing an ugly,

mis-shapen, Black Dwarf,

And here is Carlile, with his

Two-penny Treason,

Who prefers to his Bible,

the vile "Age of Reason;"

Who "wipes off the Cross,"

as an infamous stain,

Despises his Saviour, but

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These are all ragged Radicals,

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“In speech, in gait,
 In diet, in affections of delight,
 In military rules, humours of blood,
 He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
 That fashion'd others.”

“Methought, thy very gait did prophecy
 A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee;
 Let sorrow split my heart, if ever
 I did hate thee, or thy FATHER!”

THIS IS
THE PRINCE
 of a generous Mind,

The Friend of his Country, and
all Mankind;

Who, lending his Ear to
the dictates of Truth,

Dismiss'd from his presence
the Friends of his Youth;

Who took to his Councils
in fortunate hour,

The foes to Napoleon's
exorbitant power;

Who views with disdain, or
a good-humour'd smile,

The libellous trash of the
base and the vile;

And all such as COBBETT, with
Thomas Paine's Bones,

A bag full of brick-bats, and one full of stones,
With which he intends to discharge the long Debt
He owes to his Friends, and Sir Francis Burdett.
'Tis Cobbett, the changeling, the worthless and base,
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THE THIEVES,

Who would plunder the TREASURES
That lay in the HOUSE that Jack built.

END OF THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.



"I venerate the man, whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine, and whose life
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the SACRED CAUSE."

THIS IS

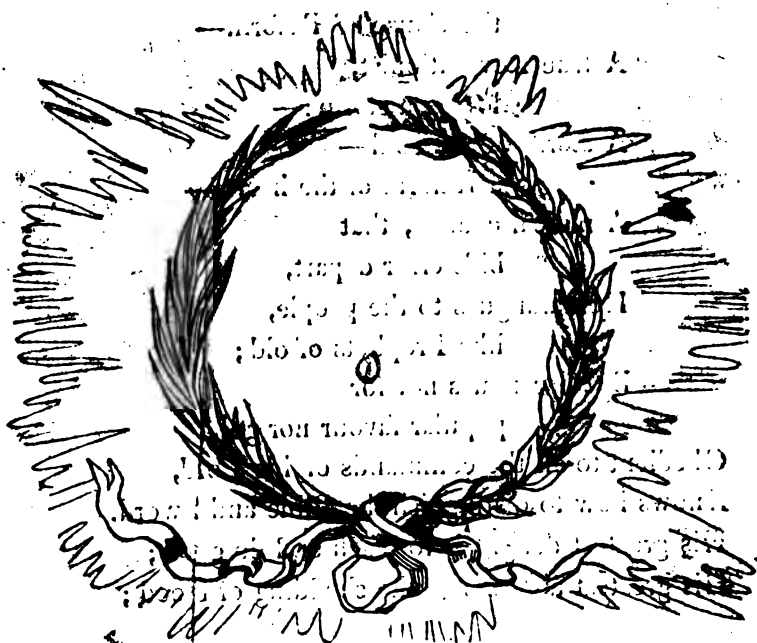
A PRIEST

made according to Truth,
The guide of Old Age—
the Instructor of Youth ;

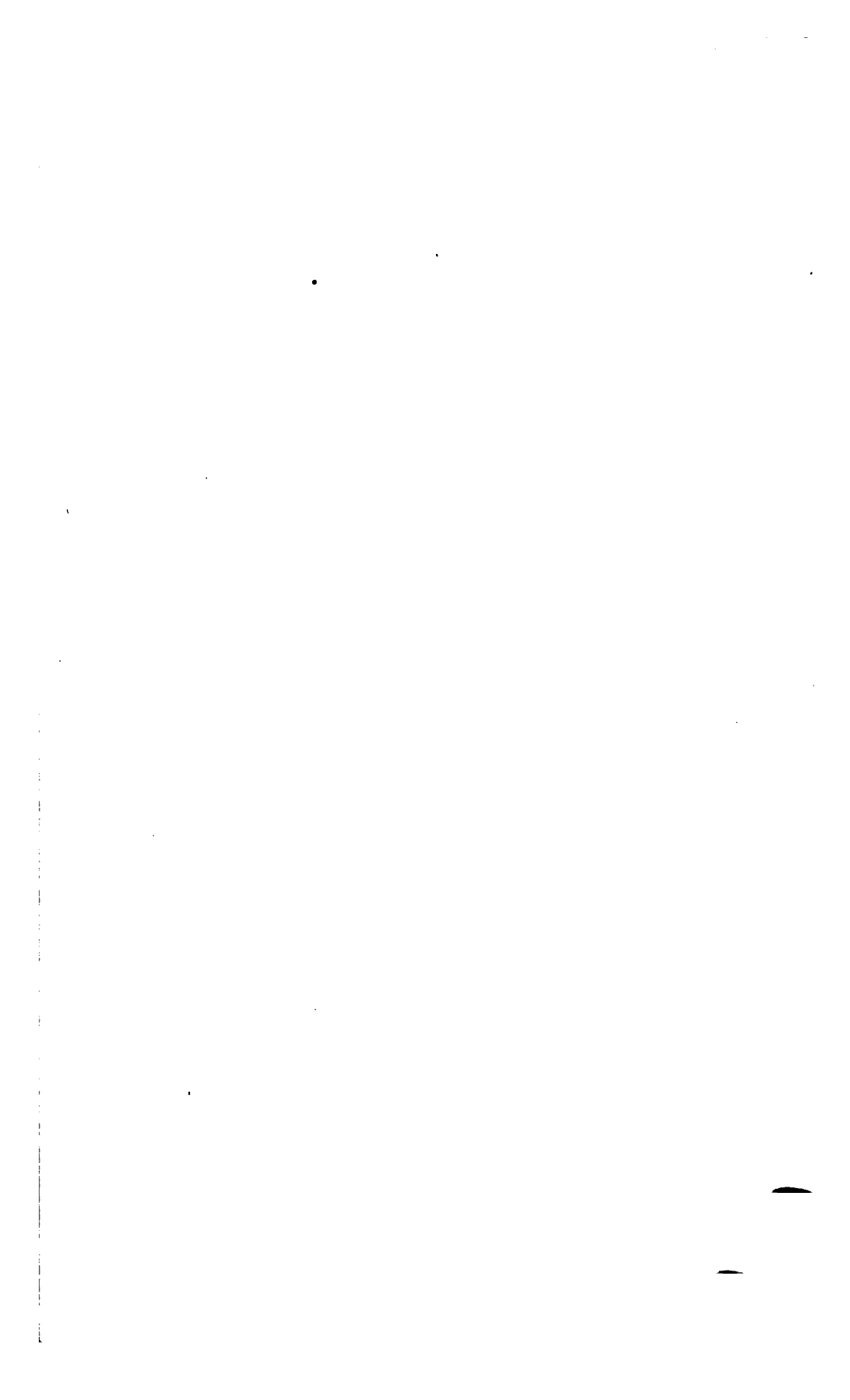
Belov'd and respected by all
 whom he teaches,
 Himself the example of
 all that he preaches;
 The friend of the poor,
 the afflicted and sad,
 The terror alone of the
 impious and bad.
 He embroils not himself
 with affairs of the State,
 And, though closely all'd,
 keeps aloof from the great;
 Yet dares not against them
 vile calumnies fling;
 But, fearing his Maker,
 he honours his King.
 A radical friend to
 the Cause of Reform—
 A true Revolutionist,
 loving a storm:—
 A storm of the soul—
 a Reform of the heart,
 A radical change, that
 bids error depart,
 He harangues to the people,
 like Prophets of old;
 But harangues not for
 popular favour nor gold;
 Obedient to all the commands of his Lord,
 Knows how to distinguish the Bible and Sword.
 His greatest delight is to teach and do good;
 His greatest abhorrence the shedding of blood;

Hence he cautions the thoughtless, of those to
beware,

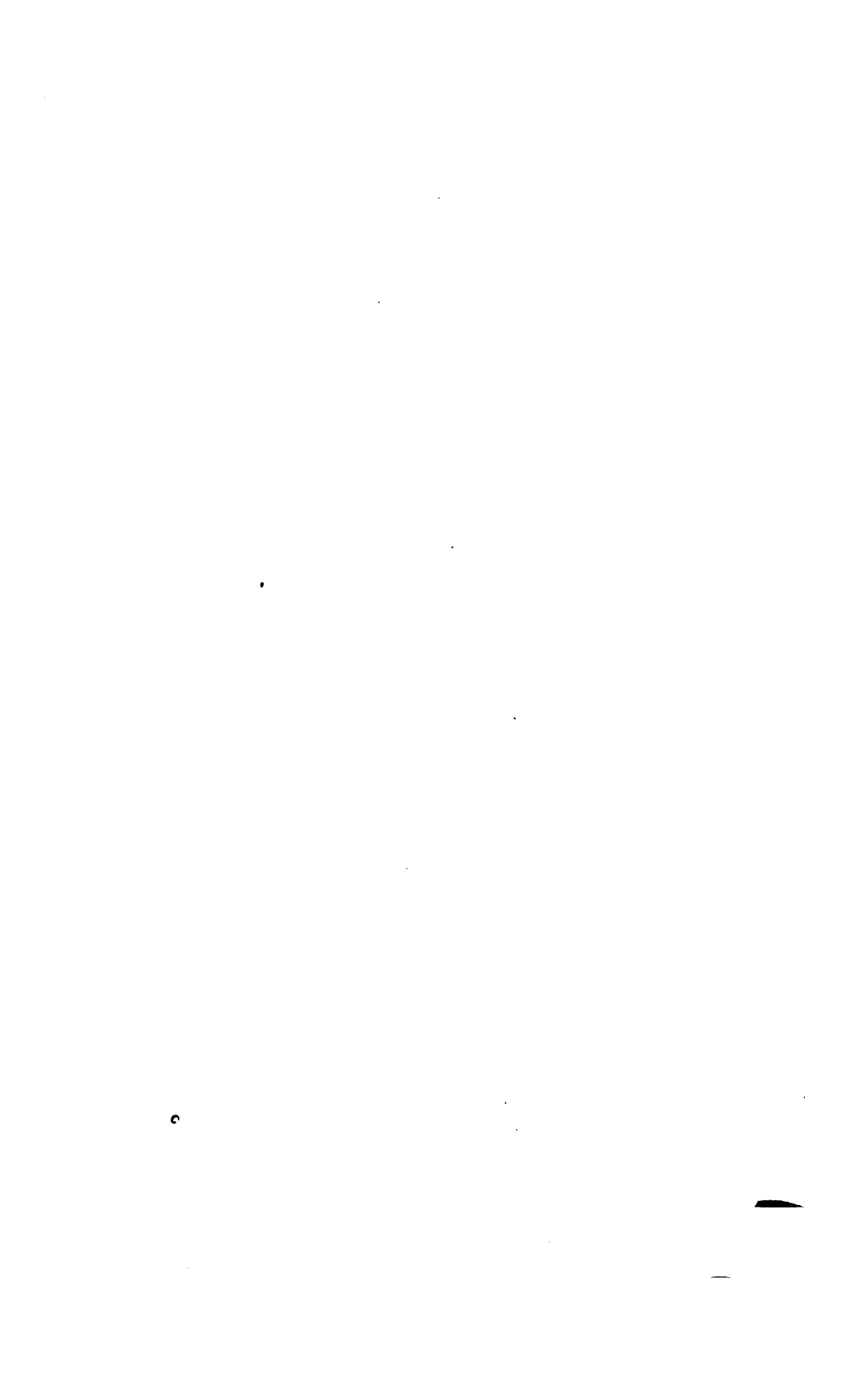
Who affect for the poor and the needy to care,
Yet feed not the hungry, nor cover the bare ;
Who prate about Liberty, Virtue, and Reason,
Whilst plotting Destruction, Rebellion, and Treason ;
And pretending at once to destroy Superstition,
Lead their blind-folded votaries headlong to perdition.
Against these blasphemers and hollow deceivers,
This "Priest of the Temple," warns all true believers;
Exhorting the poor to hold fast by the Bible,
And leave all the rest to the children of libel ;
To look up to Him to whom mercy belongs,
To protect them from ill, and redress all their wrongs ;
Assur'd of this truth, that we read in the word :
" They shall never be forsaken who trust in the
LORD."



W. Flint, Printer, Angel Court, Skinner Street.

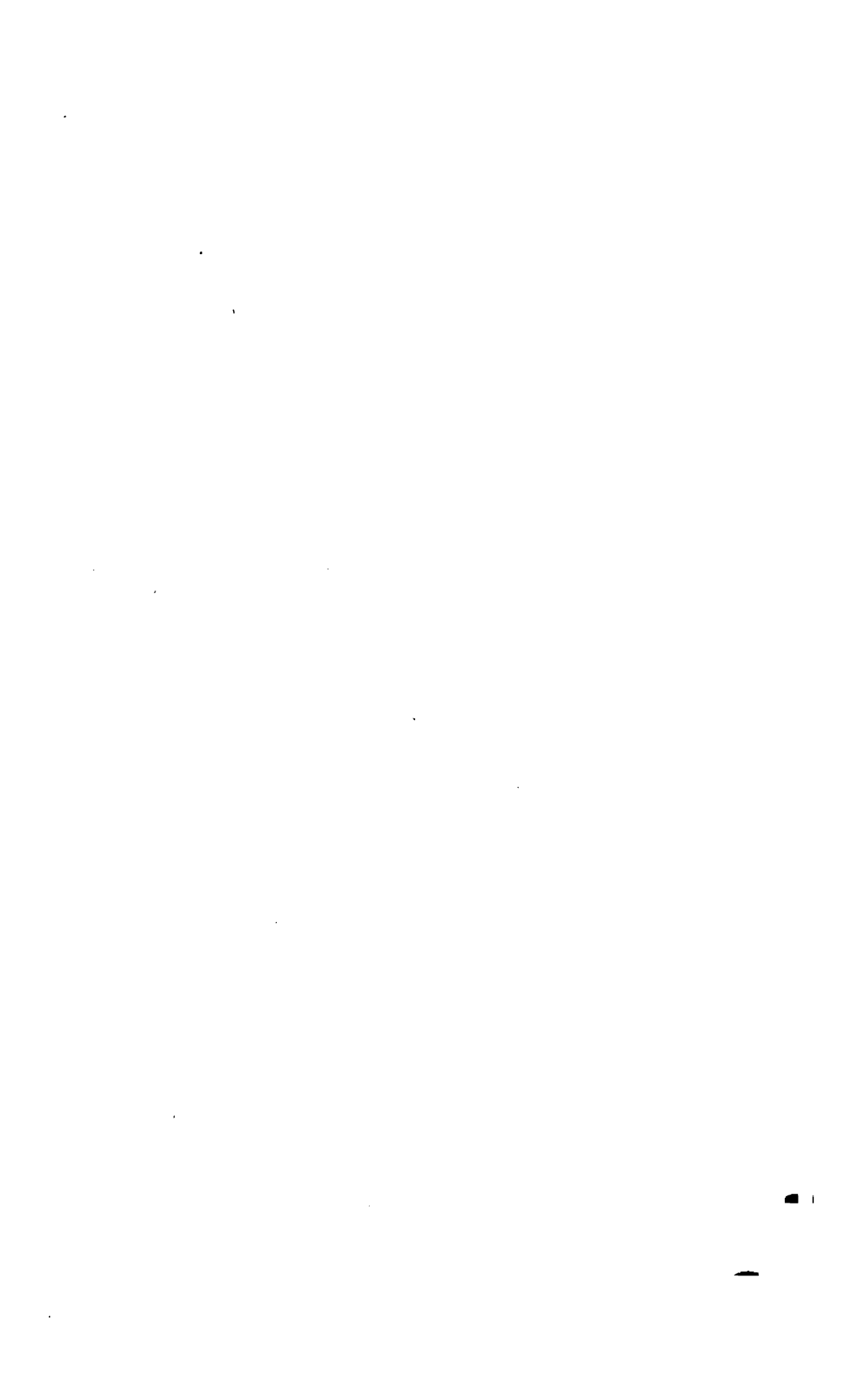






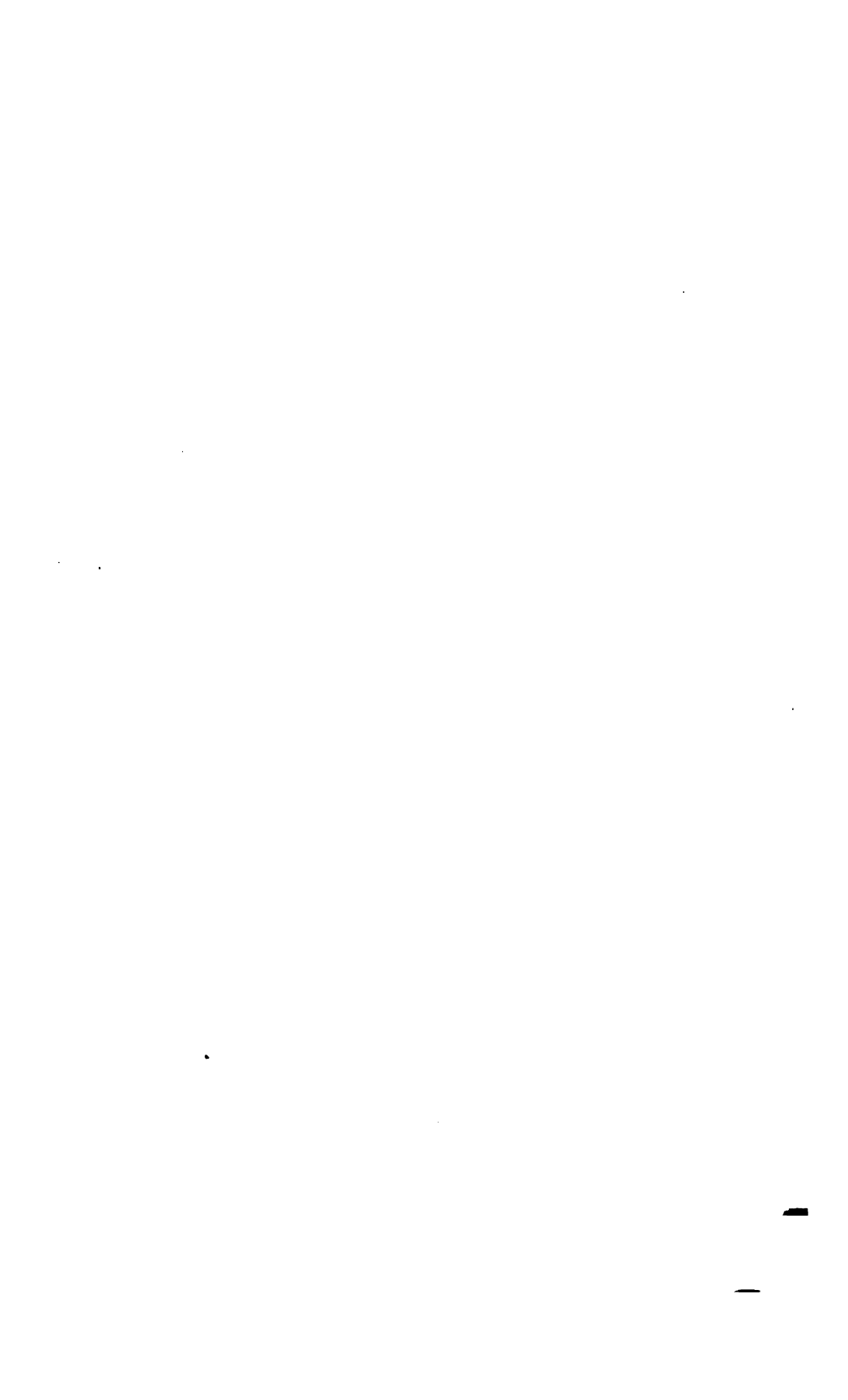








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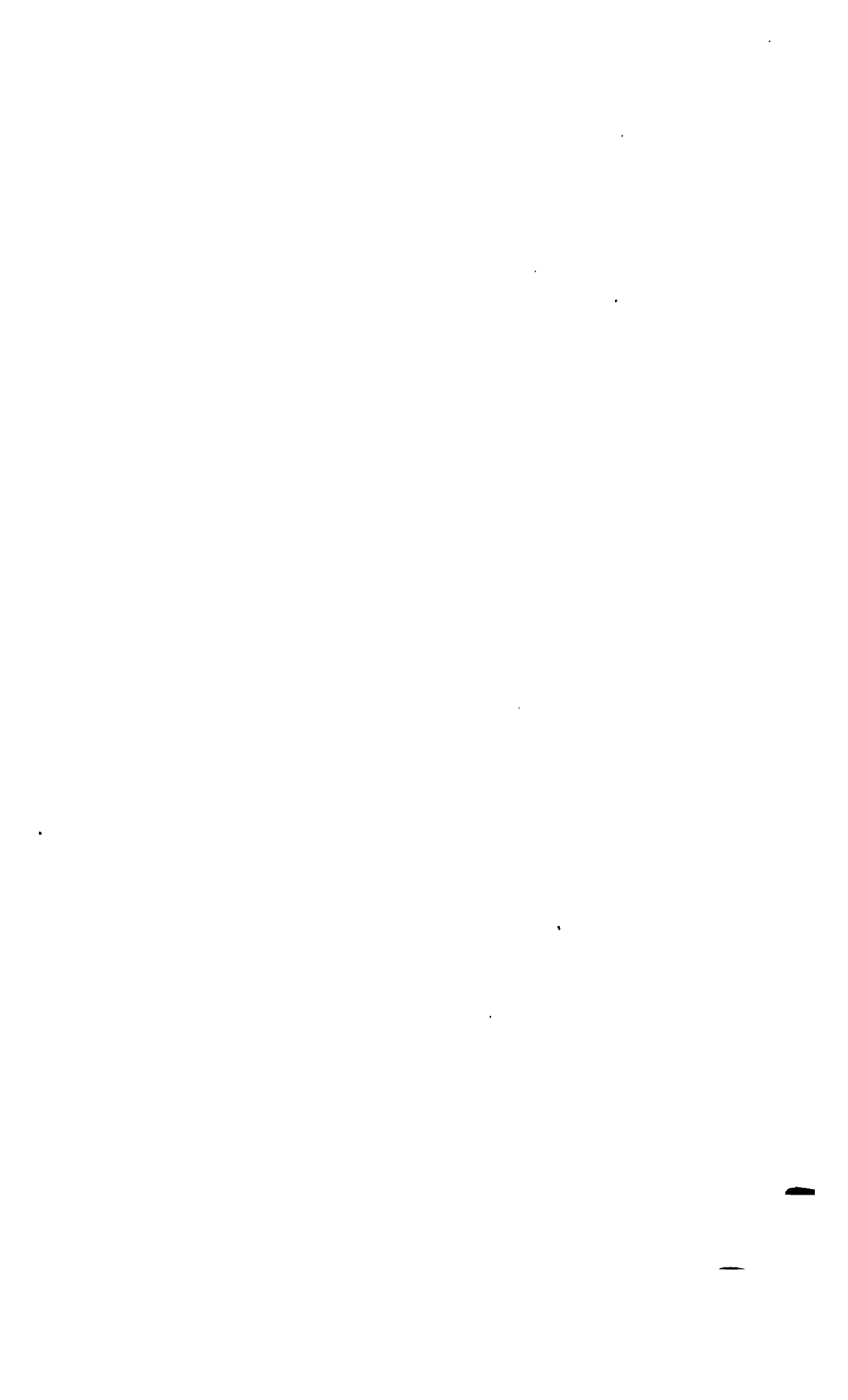
















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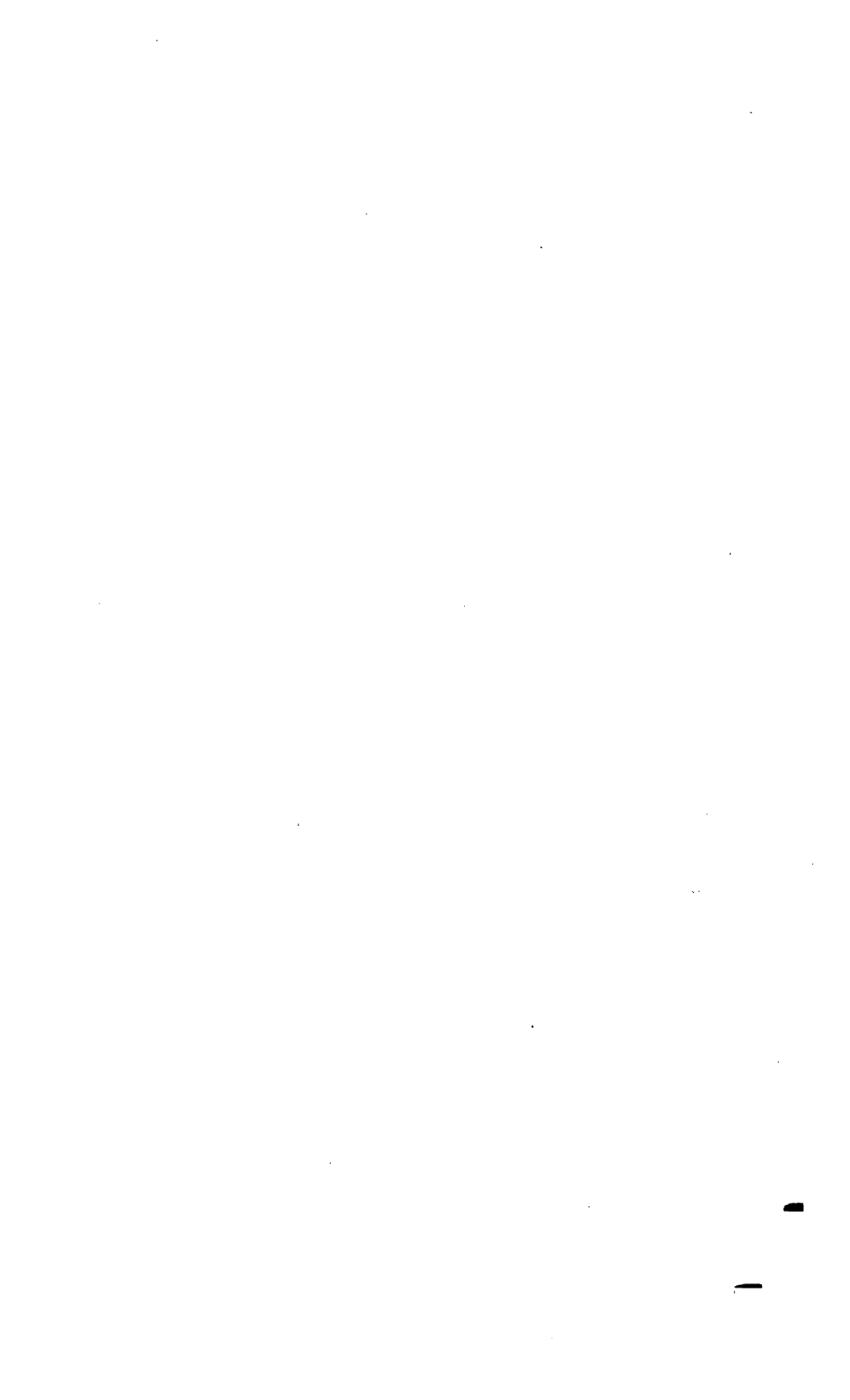




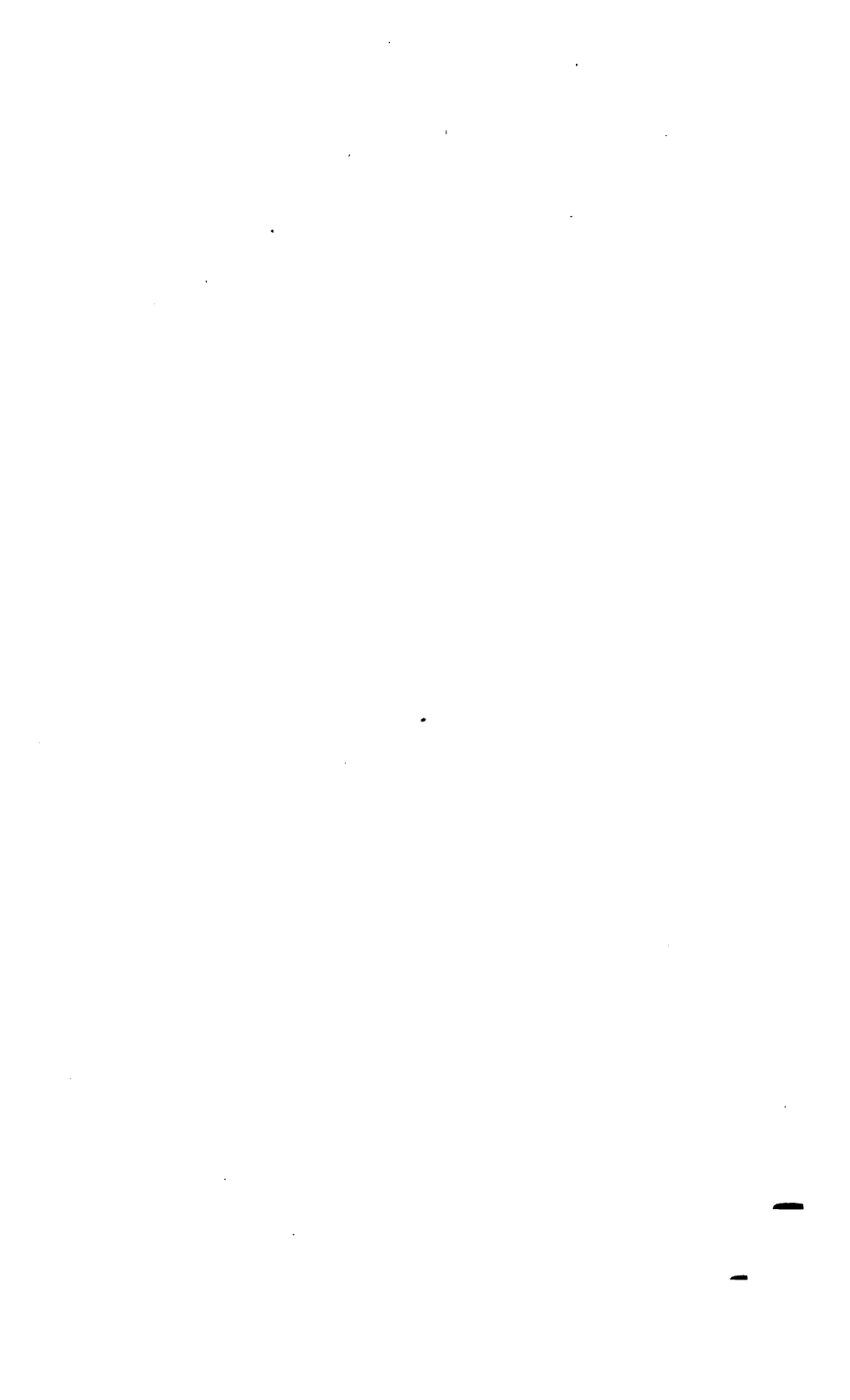






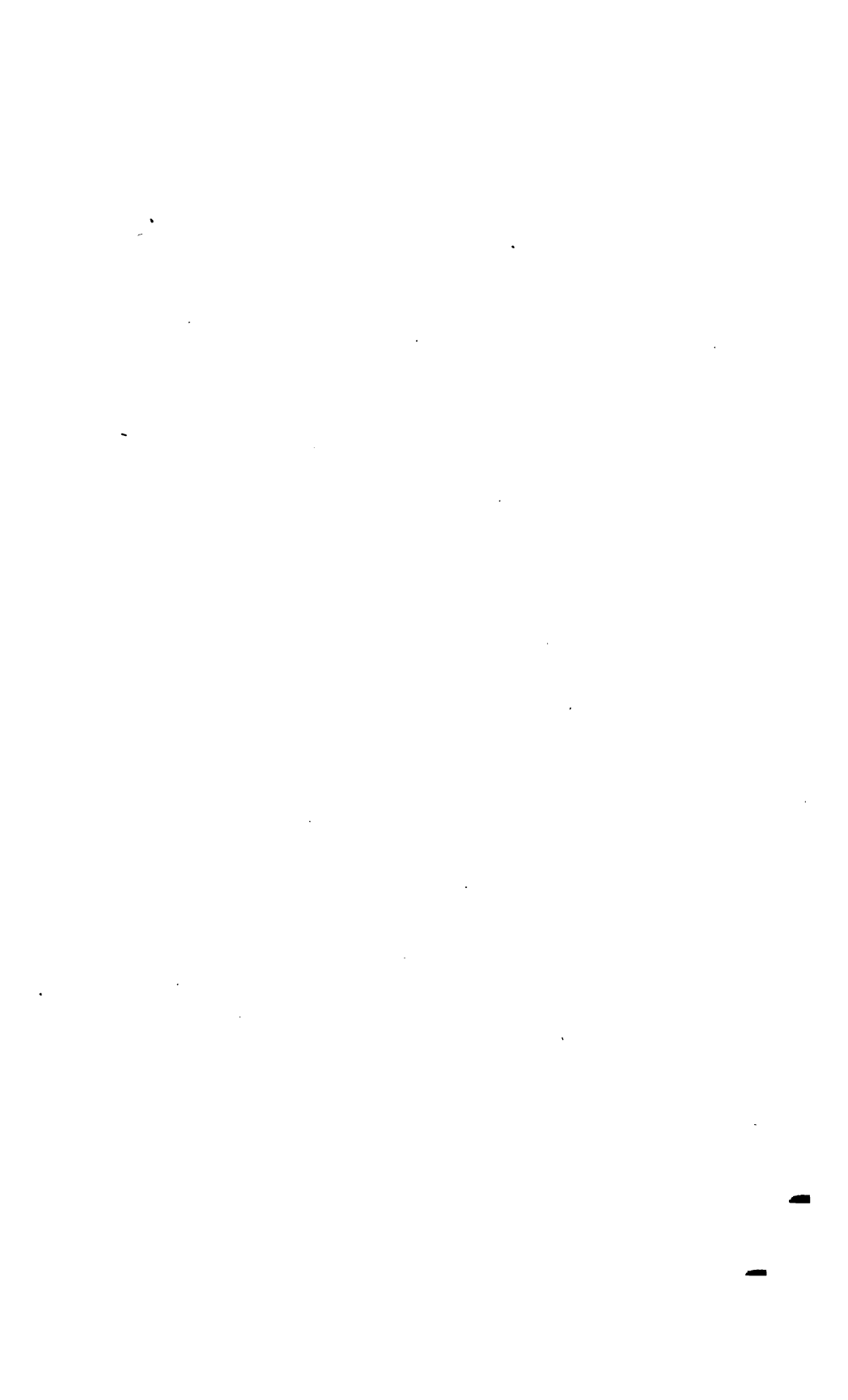








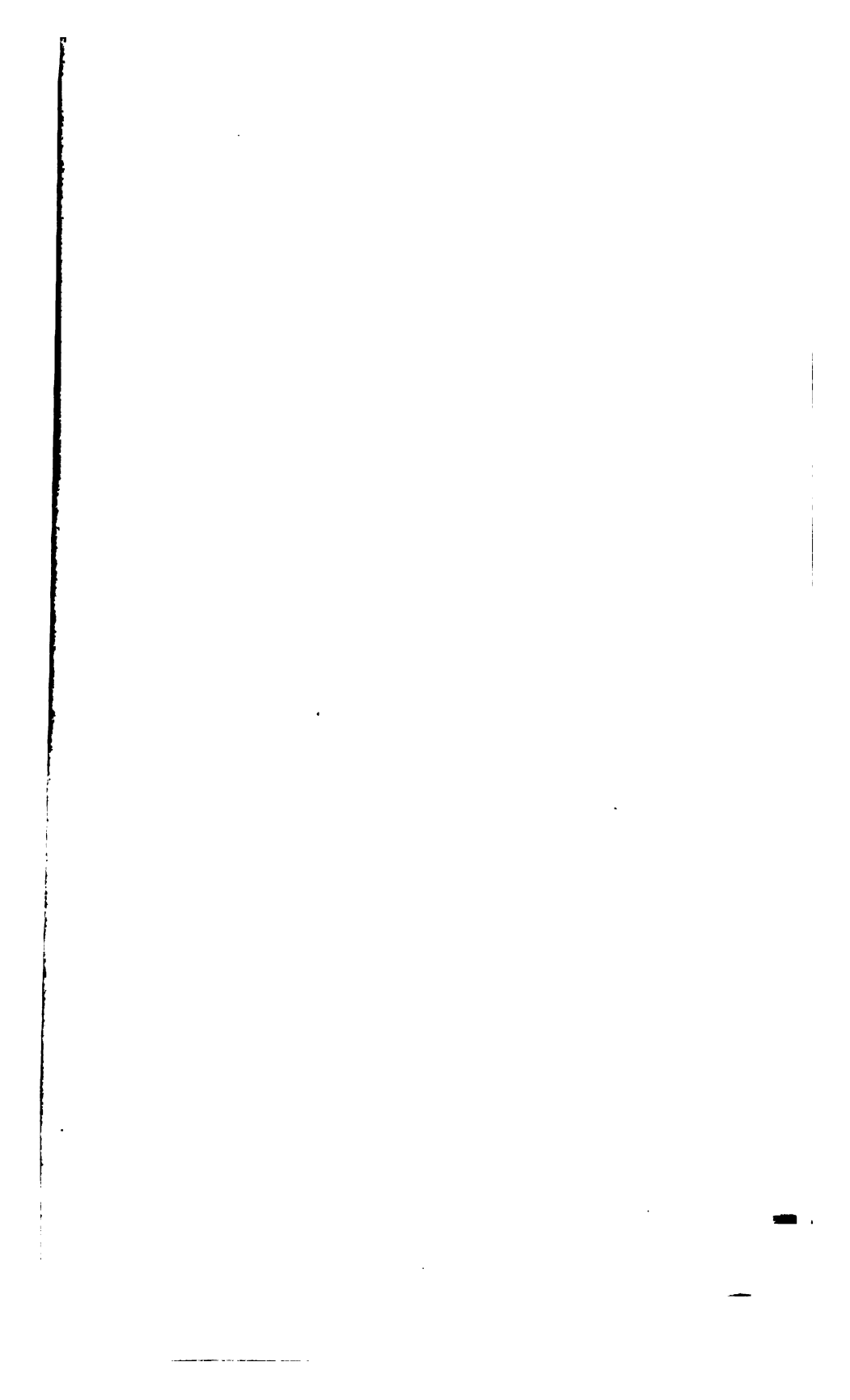








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